

CANZON 33*



ITHER, chaste PHCEBE'S Nymphs flocked
 in procession^ Whose beauties
 attractive all eyes so exercised With
 mazed-admire₃that₃for some late
 transgression* Men weened heaven's angels
 were unparadised. Such saints, heaven's
 paradise contains but few, Their roseate
 beauties, Nature's wealth distained;
 Compared their lustre, checked her
 verdant hue, They even her purest
 quintessence engrained.
 Anemone there stood with Daffodilly
 1 The purple Hyacinth, and the
 musk Rose! Red Amaranthus, and
 the milk-bred Lily! I came in quest;
 yet would I none of those ! Unto
 HYPERION'S bride, my choice I knit!
 There* in her goldy leaves, my love
 is writ!

CANZON 34,



SINCE from the full feed of thy favour's
 lease, My thoughts (O Time's accursed
 memory!) Were forced (such shift, alas,
 did ill them please!) To crop on sedge sour and
 unsavoury; Since from their sweet refresh, all
 pined, they Have spent a lustre in sad
 widowhood; Since when Sorrow to them hath
 served in pay, Outlaws to Hope, immured from
 every good; Since from thy brow, the pompous
 gallery Wherein were storised to mine eye,
 sweet objects_f Embroidered all with rare
 imagery; Whose ivory floor enamelled azure
 frets :

Mine eye (O woe the while !) hath been
 sequestered! My heart, his grief therefore, in
 face hath registered.